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scene; the hue of the mountains had deepened into purple, and their dark, peaked outline was strongly relieved by a glowing saffron-coloured sky. The small wooded glen beyond was wrapped in shadow; the stream hoarsely murmured through its bottom, eddying round the rocks that obstructed its course. Immediately opposite Kilcaskan, is Manche-house, the seat of Mr. Daniel Connor. The domain possesses a long extent of rocky hill, which runs parallel with the road, and is covered at present with luxuriant oak copse. We have seen but few domains in the south of Ireland that possess the peculiar capacities for beauty that Manche can boast. An immense extent of fertile, level ground, strikingly contrasts itself with the steep abrupt hill to which we have alluded. Had a mansion, adapted to the extent of the place, been erected on the summit of this hill, the effect would have been magnificent. A striking air of comfort and neatness characterises Manche. The house, a handsome and commodious modern structure, stands upon a slight elevation near the road. Immediately to the west and north, the hill ascends almost perpendicularly to the height of one hundred feet, clothed with thriving young oaks, larch, and Scotch firs. To the east there is an extensive lawn, terminated by a wooded knoll called Carrigmore.

The ancestors of Mr. Connor resided in the old mansion-house of Connorville, which is now in the occupation of a steward. We cannot avoid mentioning that the houses of Manche and Kilcaskan were both erected by Mr. Calnan of Enniskean, and reflect infinite credit on his skill and ability.

The tenants on Mr. Connor's property in this neighbourhood seem happy and comfortable. They have built comfortable slated farm-houses, and the ground appears well managed. A mile to the west, on the south side of the river, is the old feudal tower of Billinacarrig, seated high and dark upon its craggy rock, and reflected in the waters of its lonely lake. We promise our readers in some future number a view of this romantic fortalice, and the singular tradition of its erection. No seats of any consequence claim our attention between Ballinacarrig and the town of Dunmanway; the road, however, (to the south of the river) preserves its interest to the tourist, from the wild and magnificent chain of mountains which stretch before him to the west. Dunmanway wears, like most Irish towns, a still and listless appearance. It contains a market-house and a spacious church, erected by Mr. J. H. Cox; and the enterprising parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Doheny, is erecting a large and handsome chapel, with a cut limestone front. The linen trade here, as in Bandon, has quite declined. We derived some gratification from observing that a taste for planting now pervades the resident gentry of this neighbourhood. The nurseries of Messrs. Norwood and O'Sullivan are amply supplied with strong young forest trees of all descriptions, and are in constant requisition all the planting season.

J. F. W.

LADY BRINDON—AN OCCURRENCE OF THE LAST CENTURY IN DUBLIN.

In the good old days, or as an Irishman would say, the real *noctes ambrosiana*, when shops were not called saloons, nor markets bazaars, when hair-dressers did not advertise as artists, "*pour couper les cheveux*," and charity sermons were not jobbing speculations—which period, for exactness sake, we will lay down about seventy years ago—lived the Dowager Lady Brindon, the disconsolate widow of three worthy and short-lived consorts. Whether this occurred by fate, or the singular good fortune of the lady is not for me to hint at; certain it is that she obtained and got rid of them all at a quicker pace than the young ladies of the present time, albeit pupils of Logier and Montagu, can reasonably calculate on being able to waltz away their helpmates' properties, or music themselves into a suit of sables. Lady Brindon, at the time of our story, had been twenty years, or so, a widow, and never could be prevailed on, or, as she said herself, to listen to a suitor's vows after the last irreparable affliction. She inhabited a large gloomy looking mansion, which by an accient map of our metropolis, I find to have stood in the

centre of a field not far from M—— church, as the building mania had not encroached so far then into the country, as in our house-making, house-breaking generation. The house was surrounded by a high dead wall; and the mouldy wooden gate was never unbarred, except to two chosen and favourite visitors; she was immensely rich, kept up a numerous suite of servants, (there never was a relative seen at her table), went twice a year to the Castle, once a quarter disturbed the dust in her crimson cushioned pew in Christ church, and amused herself the remainder of the day with her old China, and the novels of Fielding. Her "*une grande passion*" was cards; every variety of game (I am wrong, she did not play *ecarte*), that the invention of Hoyle could devise, were as familiar to her as quacking to Dr. L——, or punning to Sam Rogers; they were her manuscripts, her library. She played high, bragged with spirit, and always wagered considerably on the "odd trick." I am told that when she lost, her anger, her *fury* was dreadful; she would curse the winners, and, dashing the gold on the table, pour an entire flask of wine into a large heraldic-mounted silver goblet, and drain it at a draught. One of her companions was a great tragedian, who is condemned to immortality in the writings of him "who blazed the comet of a season"—a man of great talent, who brought her all the newest and most sinful tales of scandal—revived her spirits, when she was low, by quoting Voltaire and Marmontel, and calmed her conscience by the aid of French philosophy. He was invaluable, for he was also her ladyship's butt, and he bore it all as he expected a legacy; and he got one—a stuffed parrot. The last of the respectable triumvirate was a gentleman who exercised the profession of medical doctor, and who, from rather a curious coincidence, attended *all* her ladyship's husbands in their last illness. His *success* be it good or bad, in this part of his practice, certainly had such an effect in his neighbourhood, that no one ventured to call him in afterwards. He sustained no loss, however, by the desertion, for, after the death of Lord Brindon, he set up his carriage, and became more intimate than ever with the dowager, over whom he exercised a most unbounded and mysterious influence. She dreaded, hated, and was chained to him. In her wildest temper, a look or a frown would paralyze her into motionlessness; while before strangers he would be all cringing and sycophantic servility. The doctor's house adjoined her ladyship's, with whom he spent more hours than he allotted to his family, to whom his behaviour was cruel and tyrannical. Many rumours prejudicial to the character of all were circulated respecting their meetings and intimacies, and were not disbelieved. Lady Brindon was considered to be the worst and most disgusting of human beings—a bad old woman.

It was a Saturday evening in January; the usual party were assembled in the drawing-room at an early hour, as it was Lady Brindon's intention to go to the Castle that night. She had dined before the customary time, to enjoy a hand at loo before she retired to dress. The housekeeper was sitting in her own apartment, (a snug little Brussels carpeted room, whose wainscotted walls were hung with tapestry and Hogarth's prints,) reading the works of Thomas Aquinas (translated,) and enjoying a pinch of Mr. Lundy Foot's snuff, which had not yet come into fashion. The College bell was tolling for night roll; and, as she remarked the hour, wondered also at the length of time her mistress prolonged the game; then giving the fire a stir, which made it throw out an enlivening radiance, reflected in the burnished fender and opposite mirrors, which testified her own diligence and economy, she composed herself again to her volume. Her thoughts were not this night on the proper tension for study; the characters were passed over by her spectacle aided optics leaving no impression or idea behind; and the worthy old gentlewoman perceiving her situation, wisely shut up the book, went over with it to her own private shelf, where she deposited it, and returned with a large bottle labelled poison, but which was varacious French Brandy, and what was better, smuggled. Wishing a relish for her cordial, she pulled a bell, which was answered by Mr. Mahony, himself, the tasseled and powdered guardian of her ladyship's cellar. By his agency a cold pie was procured, and the

worthy subordinates sat down, like the mice in the fable, to the remnants of the day's feast.

"Did you hear any noise, Mrs. Lambert, last night on the lobby?"

"Bless me!—what do you mean, Mr. Mahony? Do not alarm me—you know how timid I am, and my residence with her ladyship is not calculated to strengthen the delicacy of my nerves."

"Well, I'd better not mention it. A glass of wine, Mrs. Lambert. But had you been as long here as I have staid, and seen one of the many horrid acts I have been forced to look at, you would be afraid to walk up stairs alone."

"I declare I wish I was safe home out of this house, the loneliness of it, (a little more paste if you please,) and the violent passions of her ladyship, make me quite unhappy. I really must—but bless me, there is the bell rung!—again—gracious, what noise is that!—'tis like her voice."

A crashing—a loud scream—and another violent pulling at the bell, interrupted and ended their sociality, and hurried Mahony up stairs. When he entered the room, the party had risen from their seats; the card-table was overturned—the cards blazing in the fire—the gentlemen in loud and angry altercation, and Lady Brindon fainting on a chair.

"Give your mistress a glass of water, she is unwell."

She rallied her energies when she heard the command.

"No, Sir, I am perfectly well—I want no aid. Send Lambert to my toilet, Mahony, and have my carriage brought round quick. Leave the room!"

The astonished man rushed down stairs, and gaspingly inquired, "Mrs. Lambert, for God's sake tell me how many gentlemen were playing cards with my mistress to night?"

"A foolish question to ask me; surely no others but Mr. M—— and Dr. Thompson."

"Then, as certainly as I am a living man, there was another in the room when I went in first. There were three round the fire, which burnt up higher than ever I saw it—but I could not see his face—but it was dressed like my old master. But she is ringing again; Mrs. Lambert, hurry up to her."

"God help me, she'll be in one of her tempers to night."

An hour after, the gentlemen having left the house, Lady Brindon, hooped and diamonded, taking the key of her dressing room with her, was handed into her carriage, and drove off.

The Master of the Ceremonies had just made his most exquisite and elaborate congee at the conclusion of a minuet, when a bustling ever-green courtier, a colonel in the Battle-axe Guards, forced a passage among the long trains and lappets of aldermen's, and other civic ladies, and whispered through the rouge and false curls, a message into the ears of Lady Brindon. She immediately left the vice-regal presence, and, pale, and passionless, faltered into her carriage. As she drove through the streets, she perceived a rushing of the people, a crowding of the mob towards the direction she was driving in. She pulled the check string, and inquired the cause from her servant. His answer was drowned in the hollow rattling of a fire engine, which flew past her over the pavement; and the air was heavy and suffocating with a dense fog of sulphur and smoke. When she turned into her own street, a loud cheering, as if in derision and scorn, called her attention to a house blazing in conflagration, and darting up its fiery particles to the black clouds that frowned down in anger on the ruin. Her heart was sickened, for she knew it to be her own. A passage was made for her through the mass of fire-men, spectators, idlers, and plunderers; she stepped out, and calmly looked on; she thought not then of her plate, her jewels, and her pictures. Her mind was engrossed by another and far different design. Thompson was most zealous in his attempts to save some of the property, and succeeded in rescuing various parchments and leases of the estate. She drew him aside, and asked him in tones of horror had he been in her boudoir.

"It was impossible," said he, "to penetrate to it. In that room, which you always kept locked, the flames burst out first."

The water, which was now flooded upon the flames, momentarily darkened their awful splendour; but vain was every effort to subdue them—they, like Medea's gifts, ceased not until they utterly destroyed. Lady Brindon here remarked a young stranger in a naval dress, among the foremost in the perilous task of working the engines; she was told by Thompson that he was his son, who had returned that day after a voyage from China. She called him to her and said,

"Sir, I have seen your bravery, and it shall be recompensed—you can still befriend me. Listen—dare to struggle up the stair-case; in the first room on your left, you will find a small box on the table—it is clasped with iron, and is marked with my name engraved in silver on it; I have sworn, on the penalty of my soul, never to sleep a night without that box being in my room. If you value your father's life, and my immortal welfare, bring it to me, for it contains what may hang your father and myself. Bring it, I say, and I will share you one half of the wealth still left me."

"Lady Brindon, I shall try to save it, but not for the sake of your polluted gold."

He dashed among the falling walls, like Curtius into the gulph, and an impenetrable cloud of smoke greeted his entrance. There was a cry—he was never seen more.

The hard heart of Thompson was unmoved—he heeded not his perished son. He and his partner in villainy grew pale, so very pale that the flames were reflected in their pallid ghastly features. With a demoniac smile he turned round to her, and asked her to walk into his house, as she saw nothing more could be done, and the night air was unwholesome.

"Not yet, Thompson, not yet. It is but right that I should see the bonfire that is provided at my own expense; 'tis the dearest I ever witnessed, and I shall see it out." And she remained and saw it out.

When the last spark was quenched, and the last beam of her mansion consumed, Lady Brindon retired to her room in Thompson's house. When they met next morning, the haggard countenances of both evidenced the agonizing pangs with which late awakened remorse had visited their hardened consciences. When the Sabbath bell rung for service, Thompson, who had not been seen in a consecrated temple for years, suddenly rose from the breakfast-table, and, beckoning in silence to his youngest son to follow him, left the house. Lady Brindon viewed him with wonder, but offered no remark, and shortly after sat down to write, at which employment she continued the remainder of the day. Thompson entered his parish church with the air of a terrified and pursued criminal, who seeks at the altar a sanctuary and asylum from enemies who hunt him for his blood. He avoided his own seat where his family always attended, and hid himself, in one of the back aisles, among the poor and contrite who go to pray and not to criticise. He listened patiently to the conclusion of the service, and then took a short path to his own house through the unbuild-on and unreclaimed fields. His manner was less morose to his son, and he attended in silence, and interrupted not the childish prattling of the boy, who perceived his parent's dejection, and tried to cheer it away.

"Father, do you know what they say was the cause of the fire last night?"

"How could I. But they will give a wise reason I dare say; tell it to me."

"I am almost afraid to say it; but don't be angry with me. It is reported that the devil was one of your party at cards, and that he lost, and flung the cards into the fire, and breathed upon all the room, and——"

"Fie, William, to listen to the servants' ignorant and superstitious stories; never again repeat such nonsense. But wait, William, you are not able to get over that stile; let me go first, and then I can assist you."

The son was much astonished to see his father, (when he had ascended the last step which led over the wall which separated the field they were in from Thompson's garden,) start back, and grasp at the branch of a tree, against which he reeled.

"So soon," he murmured; "is it to be so soon?"

"Father, what is the matter? You look unwell."

"William, tell me," and he took his son's hand—"you are a good boy, and have been taught to speak the truth; tell me, did you see any figure leaning over that wall and looking upon me; it was like—but did you see it?"

"No, indeed, Sir, I saw nothing, and how could you?"

"Peace, you foolish child, let us hurry home."

Lady Brindon was still writing when they returned. Thompson desired his family to leave the room, and having locked the door, took a chair and sat down opposite her.

"You are busy to-day madam, so have I been. I have a message for you."

He wrote down some words on his tablet, and handed them to her. She trampled the writing under her feet.

"You dreaming coward, what infernal scheme are you now planning against me?"

"None, madam; but we are playing a game in which I think we will both be losers."

"Then you must have been grossly deceived by imagination; you never saw it."

"It was not in the darkness of the night, when imagination may be cheated by unreal phantasies, and the faculties are powerless and weak, I saw it. No, in the brightness of the noon-day sun, in company with my child, whose spotless purity should have protected me, he confronted me and fascinated me with his accursed presence. The fiend has not forgotten."

"Then heaven have mercy on us both!"

"Amen, madam, we need it much." And their last conference was ended by the prayer.

Thompson, complaining of a faintness and benumbing coldness, retired early to his bed chamber, and was found next morning dead on the sofa, as if in a tranquil and spirit-stealing slumber.

On the evening of the day on which his remains were committed to the tomb, Lady Brindon having been left alone in her room, rung the bell violently. As the servant hastened to obey the summons, he heard a tremendous noise in the room, as though two individuals were engaged in a scuffle, which was succeeded the next moment by a dreadful crash and heavy fall; and, on opening the door, he found her ladyship lying senseless on the floor—the chair on which she had been seated, together with the tables on which the candles had been placed, all overturned. And he afterwards positively affirmed, that, as he entered the room, he saw something, bearing a form which he could not well describe, dash through the window in a vivid flame. A surgeon was instantly procured; and, after nearly an hour's exertion, her ladyship once more gave signs of animation: but, on opening her eyes, with an agonizing shriek, she exclaimed—"there he is!—there he is!" and again sunk back into a kind of swoon, from which she never recovered.

The extraordinary circumstances which thus caused her dissolution, formed, for a considerable time, the talk of the day, while the friends of the deceased endeavoured to make it appear, that it was merely the reflection of the candles, as their rays flashed across the windows in their progress from the table to the floor, which had operated on the servant's vision, in such a way as to produce a supernatural appearance.

. With the fame of the celebrated lady above referred to, we have no doubt, that the greater proportion of our Irish readers are well acquainted. As, however, there are two versions of the story, so far as regards her ladyship's concluding days, we think it well to mention, for the benefit of our readers in the sister island, that, by many, the concluding part of the story, relative to her ladyship either having been carried off or frightened to death by his black majesty, or one of his satellites, is altogether a fiction; that, after the death of Thompson, she gave up the world, and never afterwards resumed her station at the cathedral, castle, or card table. We understand that her monument is still pointed out, adorned by descending angels and weeping cupids, holding up a tablet, which commemorates her *charities and her virtues!* and we have little doubt, that, as she was rich and highly connected, she got an excellent character in the *Newspapers* of the day!—at least, if she did not, the *Newspapers* of former days must have been very different from what they are at present.

SLEEP.

One hour asleep is worth ten awake,
If fancy our rule and measure we make;
For what vessel of steam
Can scour like a dream—
In one nap a ten days' trip we can take.

And then, what engine can match the might
Of the spirit that comes in the watches of night,
To break our bars,
And fight our wars?—
And yet her pinions are soft as the light.

Oh! come with me to the dungeon tower
At the solemn noon of night's darkest hour
There gaze awhile
On the captive's smile,
And scorn the faint effort of mortal power.

Or view the exile whom sleep doth bear
Over hill and plain to his valley dear;
How free, how fair,
Is his tranquil air
As he lists the sweet carols he loved when there.

What muse inspires yon Burgher's strain,
His nocturnal pipe doth he tune in vain?
Oh, no! soup, stew,
Fricassee, and ragout,
All steam in his noodle and fatten his brain.

A board whose whiteness shames the snows,
By slumber's spell before him arose,
And the querulous gobble
Of turkeys in trouble,
Awake the loud Pœans that burst from his nose.

Yon dozing dandy whose captive waist
Is released at last from the tightened vest;
Could he sell his thought,
'Twould be cheaply bought
By the rich contents of yon Burgher's chest.

Sweet slumbering Belle what dream'st thou about?
Beaux, and all that kind of thing, no doubt;
In a chariot and pair
Rejoiceth the fair,
And away she goes to my lady's rout.

He of the visage wan and pale,
What visions athwart his fancy steal?
They are so abstruse,
That my sportive muse,
Would shudder if challenged those dreams to reveal.

And where is the soul of that withered flower,
The victim of love's capricious power?
She is now at rest
In her mossy nest,
Ere yet the despoiler had rifled her bower.

Whate'er you desire in each varied mood
A houseful of gold or a mouthful of food;
To bed, to bed!
With your wish in your head,
And I warrant you'll get it or something as good.

For the wishing cap and its grammare
Was nothing else but a *bonnet de nuit*.
With night-cap and pillow,
Despite land or billow,
We may do what we please, and be happy and free.

DUBLIN:

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